

The Historie

Mooreditch?

*Falst.* Thou hast the most vsauory smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascalliest sweer yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I woulde to God thou and I knewe where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely and in the street to:

*Prin.* Thou didst well, for wisdomes cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

*Falst.* O thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vpon me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake trulie, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings sonne in Christendom.

*Prin.* Where shal we take a purse to morrow lacke?

*Falst.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

*Falst.* Why *Hall*, tis my vocation *Hall*, tis no sinne for a man to labor in his vocation.

*Enter Poyntes.*

Poyntes nowe shall we knowe if Gadshill haue set a match. O if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cried, stand, to a true man.

*Prin.* Good morrow Ned.

*Poyntes.* Good morrow sweete *Hal*: What saies Monsieur remorse? what saies sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule that thou souldest him on good friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge.

*Prin.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

*Poyntes*

of Henric the

*Poyntes.* Then art thou damnd the diuell.

*Prince.* Else hee had bin damnd.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to clocke early at Gadshill, there a burie with rich offerings, and trac purses. I haue vizards for you al. y Gadshill lies to night in Rocheste morrow night in Hastecheape: we if you will go I will stufte your purse not, tarie at home and be hangd.

*Falst.* Heare ye Yedward, if I hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chops.

*Falst.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one.

*Prince.* Who I rob, I a thiefe?

*Falst.* There is neither honestie in thee, nor thou canst not of the stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in my

*Falst.* Why thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what wil,

*Falst.* By the lord ile be a traic

*Prince.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue th lay him downe such reasons for th

*Falst.* Well, God giue thee the the eares of profiting, that what he heares, may be belceued (recreation sake) proue a false thier time want countenance: farewell,

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring

*Poin.* Now my good sweete h row. I haue a icast to execute, th Falstasse Haruey, Rosill, and Ga we haue already way-laid, your and when they haue the bootie, i cut this head off from my should